

From the Richmond Enquirer.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES.

We have not yet collected elements enough to calculate with absolute precision, the political position of the House of Delegates. There are a few members, about which the parties are squabbling; and when we obtain the information which we have sought, we will make out the political complexion of the Legislature, and state the prospects of the senatorial election. For the present, we will only repeat the estimate which we made in our last:

Senate.

Anti-Rives Republicans	18
Whigs	11
Conservatives	3
<i>House of Delegates</i>	
Anti-Rives Republicans	61
Rives Whigs	57
Anti-Rives Whigs	10
Rives Conservatives	3
Doubtful	3

On joint vote, Anti-Rives Republican 79—Conservatives 6—Rives Whigs 68—Anti-Rives Whigs 10—Doubtful 3.

The die is probably in the hands of the few Conservatives, and of the impracticable Whigs. Neither perhaps will vote for Mr. Rives, unless he comes out—and if he does come out, like an untrified freeman of the "untrified Commonwealth," he cannot please and coalesce both. What he may gain on the one hand, he may lose on the other. But of these two propositions we are now certain: 1st. That we have gained glorious victories in the State. We have made a net gain of twelve, throwing aside the doubtful—and if they should go against us, of nine at least—equal to a change of eighteen on the joint vote. As the Woodstock Sentinel truly says, "We will have a majority in Congress over Whigs and Conservatives—a majority in the Senate of Virginia—and a majority over the Whigs in the House of Delegates. Huzzah for good old Democratic Virginia!"

2. Whatever be the result for Senator on the joint vote, we have gained a more important advantage. We have ascertained that the Senate itself is sound to the core. We predicted, before the election, that if we should lose the majority now, we should carry the State in 1840. We have assigned the reason for that opinion, in the Whigs losing their treble and quadruple voting, no man giving more than one vote for the general ticket—in the issue being directly presented between Mr. Van Buren and one Whig candidate—in the advantage which the Whigs now in several small counties being superseded by the heavy vote of the large Democratic counties—Harrison giving 1800, Monongalia 1600, and Shenandoah and Rockingham alone offsetting the majorities in almost every Whig county in the State, &c. &c. But the result of the late election shows our strength, notwithstanding all the difficulties, we had to encounter. The majority of the popular vote was even then decidedly for us. It is necessary for us to expose the miserable attempt of the Boston Atlas, and its cutes, cunning correspondent in this city, to show from the votes of 89 counties that there has been a great falling off of the Republican vote since 1836! A few facts alone will be sufficient to expose the abortive effort. It takes the votes of Wythe, Grayson, Washington, Smith and Russell, as the exponents of the political sentiment of Little Tennessee, when he knows that Mr. Hopkins passed as a general friend of the Administration, and when the Abington Statesman treats their vote as simply and anti-Sub-Treasury, and not as an anti-Administration vote. Why, instead of the whigs having there a majority of 834, we are informed by one of her best-informed citizens, that her vote would be 10 to 1 for Mr. Van Buren against Mr. Clay. The same disingenuous spirit pervades the whole statement. It gives the vote of Harrison county, &c. for Johnson, and throws away the heavy vote for Shinn, the other Democratic candidate. It takes the vote of Fluvanna and Louisa as the test of the Republican strength, when no such issue was generally made up between Garland and Garland—the former being too fresh from the ranks of the Opposition to carry the whole Republican vote, and in Louisa Garland making a strong Administration speech. But enough of this. The best test is in those Congressional districts where there are opposition; and the issue directly made up between the Whig and Republican candidates. This was only seen in sixteen districts out of twenty-one. Compare the votes of some of these districts with the votes of 1836. In Drongoo's district there is a falling off of 50 votes. In the neighboring district of H. L. L. we have gained nett 558. In Rives's district we have lost 40; in our own district we have gained 170 odd. But we have no time for such an analysis as this. In some few districts, where the weapons have been fairly measured, we may have lost—in others we have decidedly gained. In the Western and Northwestern districts, the augmentation is perhaps the most remarkable. We subjoin a table of the majorities of the late Congressional election, as furnishing some approximation to the truth:

Congressional majorities

Republican.	Whig.
Holloman,	144
Rives,	532
Drongoo,	208
Cole,	101
Hill, (say)	220
Goggin,	150
Talavero,	72
Botts,	208

Banks,	389	Mercer,	423
Lucas,	4		
Samuels	625		
Craig,	742		
Brine,	1,024		
Johnson,	428, and taking in Shinn's vote		
	1,121		
Steinrod,	367		
	5,377		1,073

Districts where, was no party opposition.
Jones (returns received from only one county.) Wise (707)

Samuel (D) 1826—Steele (D) 1201.

Conservatives.

James Garland - 783

G. W. Hopkins - 471

Sub-Treasury, Rights, Anti-Clay

Hunter - 94

The result is, that in sixteen Districts, the majority exceeds 4,300. In some of these Districts the test is not very accurate. Thus, if Mr. Mercer falls short of the Whig vote, Hill considerably exceeds it. Goggin has received a heavier majority than he would have obtained under other circumstances—Coles, a much smaller one. In the other five Districts, there was no direct party issue. Jones's District is decidedly Democratic. Wise had no opposition; but intelligent observers doubt whether he might not have been beaten. Garland's and Hopkins's are no tests. In the former, Amherst and Albemarle may be debatable counties; but in Nelson, Fluvanna, and Louisa, the Van Buren ticket will far outrun Mr. Clay's. In Hopkins's district, the Van Buren ticket will beat S or 10 to 1. Hunter was re-elected by the assisting votes of the Administration party; and in Samuel's district, our majority will be from 2 to 3,000. It is the strongest Democratic district in the whole Commonwealth, embracing the great counties of Rockingham and Shenandoah, which constitute the tenth legion of the Republic!

In a word, we are as sure of Virginia in 1840, as we are of enjoying the blessed beam of the sun during the next week. We shall carry her by from eight to ten thousand—one calculator says more. No man, in fact, of the slightest pretension to candor but admits the fact. Republican or Whig, makes little odds. The Whig press may bluster and brag—but we have conversed with many honest Whigs, and we have never heard a dissenting opinion. The last election confirms it. The cause of Mr. Van Buren is bright and brilliant. Every day will strengthen it—if for no other reason, than that it brings us nearer and nearer to the true issue; Clay or Van Buren! a Federalist or a Republican! a friend to the Republican Democratic States Right schools of Virginia, or a latitudinous constructionist; a Bank man, a Tariff man, &c. &c. Hounds up, then! The skies are bright; the truth must prevail. The great principle of Virginia, and will prove the canons of political truth elsewhere.

THE LYNNER LYNCHED.

It is seldom that we have occasion to notice the summary doings of the admirers of the Lynching system in this part of the country. We do not know of any instance, however, when the punishment which was designed for another, and the gaoler so completely caught in the meshes of his own net, as the one which we are about to relate. On Sunday morning last the suburbs of our village were thrown into some little consternation by the appearance of a very singular looking bird, or at least a creature of some sort that wore a very thin covering of feathers, without the usual appendages which are required to give flight to the feathered tribe. It made its first appearance in a low piece of swamp, the usual abiding place of ghosts and hob-goblins, which caused many of the most credulous to believe it was at least something very odd if not supernatural. After having traced the swamps and hills for some time, it was seen to come from thence and enter a small house near by, whose inmates were astonished at the sight, and with wondrous gaze, eyed the strange appearance of their friend and fellow citizen, Mr. Richard Hand, completely equipped in a full suit of tar and feathers. Our citizens were soon released from the anxious apprehension relative to the fate of the family into whose midst he had unceremoniously entered, by the immediate ejecting of a man armed with a quart jug in pursuit of oil, which was designed to be used in the process of taking off the tar and feathers, not wishing to take the usual mode of scalding them off.

To do away with jesting, we will state that our friend Hand, in company with a couple of chosen friends, proceeded to the house of Mr. James Brown the evening previous, carrying in one hand a keg of tar, and in the other a pillow of feathers, for the purpose of applying them to r. Brown, but he being aware of the intended visit, had by him a couple of friends, who put to flight the body guard of Hand, and took him with his tar and feathers prisoner. He was then divested of his wearing apparel and tied hand and foot, had put upon him the same tar and feathers which he took along with him, remained until sunrise on Sunday morning, and then turned loose, a curious looking thing indeed, for the world to gaze upon.

[Bridgeton Chronicle]

How sweet to the hour of adversity is the influence of religion! The man whose trust is in his God may view without concern, the dark tide of adversity rolling around him, and like the steel-tempered genius of the storm, dashed aside its spray with coolness and disdain.

LIFE OF A REDEMPTIONER.

Mrs. Barbary Franks, who died recently in German township, near Philadelphia, aged 93, came out from Germany with her father Conrad Brandenburg, and was sold for her passage, which being worked out in Maryland, she married Mr. Jacob Franks, and moved to Pennsylvania, where they have a postivity of 480 souls. Barbary never took a dose of medicine in her life!

OUR FEELINGS ON PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

When we see a man with a four by two inch portrait pin in his shirt bosom, we always conclude that he has unfinished odgings to let in his upper story.

When we see a man standing about a tavern door about quartering time, and warmly shaking the hand of every one whom he happens to know passing in we begin to think he'd have no objection to a mint julep.

When we see a man who begins to get nervous at the sight of a deputy marshal, it strikes us he has got an unpaid tailor's bill in his pocket.

When we see a man putting ill-bred children on the head and calling them "amiable," we "guess" he'd have no objection to dine out.

When we see a man complaining of the illiberality of the banks for not discounting his paper, we begin to surmise that his debt in these institutions exceeds his credit.

When we hear a man complaining of the strict surveillance of the police, it strikes us that he has a strong penchant for playing keno.

When we listen to a man talking of patriotism and all that sort of thing, we always fancy that his letter is on the way to way to Washington, soliciting a place. Enough of how we feel, at present.

N. O. Pic.

One of the dukedoms of Germany, containing an area of about ten square miles, is held by the second son of the Duke of Lorraine. The eldest son and heir is a farmer in Warren county, Missouri, and refuses to leave his farm for a ducal crown with ten square miles full of subjects to maintain its dignity.

I knew a man that went a courting his sweet-heart the distance of three miles every evening for four years, besides dodging her home from church on Sunday afternoon; making about 15,000 miles. For the first seven years he only stood and courted in the door porch; but for the remaining period he ventured (what a liberty after a septennial attachment!) to hang his hat on a pin in the passage, and sit on the kitchen settle! The wedding, a consummation devoutly to be wished, was solemnized when Robert and Hannah were in their sash and yellow leaf.

Real tragedy.—A tragedy of painful

character was enacted at the Louisville theatre, on Friday night of last week which results in the death of Mr. Lowe, one of the actors, in the following singular manner. We copy it from the Cincinnati Republican.

"On the evening in question he represented a principal character in the drama of "The French Spy." The poor fellow fired his pistol, and drew a bayonet the moment he commenced a retreat, looking back upon the person upon whom he fired. While his countenance turned to the rear, he ran against one of the scenes, the bayonet was forced into his body, he staggered from the stage and expired within twenty minutes. The scene is described as one of the most painful which could possibly be witnessed. The unfortunate man, with the dress, disguise and ludicrous painted face of low comedy, in the ague of death, the frigidal group gathered around him, and the play still proceeding upon the stage, formed one of the most singular spectacles which penever attempted to describe."

Another burst of the sublime—it was night—the lightning shone its grey treasures through the sky—the harsh thunders growled through the heavens—the wind whistled the high caverns of the air, and the hail fell like gems from an overburdened basket, when Egeria Sommers—with vengeance written on her brow—his mortal purpose at his heart, and the instrument of destruction grasped in his hand—stealed from his bed like an assassin to kill—bed a bug!

JUVENILE CALCULATION.—A few days since a young'un said to his fond father—Pa, you must give me a quarter of a dollar today—"Why, Pa, I never gave you more than ninepence on other holidays," was Pa's cool answer. "Yes, Pa, I know that, (said the lad,) but provisions has riz since last year, and a quarter cent go no further than a ninepence used to."

VARIETY.—Custom cannot stale his infinite variety! Over the stall of a public writer in la rue du lac, at Paris, is the following inscription: "M. Reارد, public writer, advising compiler, translates the tongues, explains the language of flowers, and sells fried potatoes."

The sick worm hydrophobic is greatly on the decline, and farmers receiving their wits all over.

Before the election in New York, the federal papers said, "As goes the city so goes the state." Since the election the papers say, "Let no Whig distrust New York."

The Hartford Courier thinks the reason why some young ladies are saluted as ast Susan—ast Mary, &c. is on account of their shape so nearly resembling that of the tight laced insect mentioned.

A Hoosier orator has been stumping it in Illinois, exceedingly delighted to think his arguments unanswered.

At one of the Southern theatres, the actors have to play tragedy to make the audience laugh, and comedy to make them cry.

Mr. Eli Buck advertises in the Selbyne Advocate, a caution against one David Sandy, who has run off with his three daughters.

The rich and the poor are about equally ill off. The one can seldom find a dinner for an appetite, and the other still more seldom find an appetite for a dinner.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—For the benefit of posterity, we publish the following lines, and call attention to their peculiar merit.

[Phil. Times.]

When weary I am,
I smoke my cigar,
And as the smoke rises,
And gets into my eyes,
I think of thee, dearest,
and oft, how I grieve!

OLD SETTLERS say that, as men verge towards bankruptcy, they become fond of dress and display, and that it is only when they pay but ten cents on the dollar, that they become the pink of politeness, fashion and etiquette, and are successful in "leading captive silly women."

A British writer says that no troops that ever took the field could stand before the fire that was poured from the American lines at the battle of N. Orleans—that it was heavier than any experienced by the British throughout the whole Peninsula contest, and by far more terrible than that which was directed against the force that stormed St. Sebastian.

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REHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.—Grazing.

Is nature like a galling chain?

That fetters thee in sin domain?

And canst thou not thy fetters break?

Or sin ungodless unto falsehoods lead?

Behold the lamb of God!

DOES JUSTICE DRAW THE FLUSHING LINE?

And waste it on thy gay'ry head?

And wouldst thou find a place to see?

From an offend'd bully?

Behold the Lamb of God!

DOES JUSTICE DRAW THE FLUSHING LINE?

Too, don't thou green benefits the lord</p